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Moscheles in London.

[Further Extracts from the Memoirs. Translated for this Journal. Continued from page 814.]
1822.

The Paris season is at an end, and now Moscheles readily follows the invitation of friends to return to London. "There I found J. B. Cramer just on the point of giving his annual concert. He showed me two pieces of a Sonata which he would like to play in it with me, and he expressed the wish that I would compose a third piece to it for a Finale; only I must please put none of my octave passages into his part, as he cannot play them. I can refuse him nothing, so I must exert myself to make something analogous to him, the disciple of Mozart and Handel. He let me hear a portion of his new Piano Quintet dedicated to me; a genuine Cramer composition. I had to play over to him the three *Allegri di bravura*: 'La Force, la Légèreté et la Caprice,' which I dedicate to him."

The piece which Moscheles wrote, in all haste for Cramer's concert, as an appendix to his Sonata, is the Allegro of the well known "*Hommage à Händel*," to which he afterwards gave a completeness in itself, by composing an Introduction to it; and in this form he published it for two pianos, and then again for four hands upon one piano. This novelty made a *fièvre* on its first performance in Cramer's Concert on the 9th of May. "Glorious John" and Moscheles, of whom the newspapers asserted that "his execution is most wonderful, and more wonderful because he always makes the right use of his genius,"—to hear these two play together, and in a composition at which both had labored—that was "an unrivalled treat, an unprecedented attraction." Each had chosen a Broadwood instrument for the purpose; Cramer as usual, Moscheles only for this occasion. "The strong metallic plates which Broadwood uses make the touch heavy (as Moscheles remarks), but they give the tone a fullness and a singing character admirably suited for Cramer's *legato*, for his finger gliding from tone to tone so softly; I, on the contrary, for my repeating notes, leaps and passages in thirds and sixths, use Clementi's more flexible mechanism." Cramer's D-minor Concerto and the new Quintet, accompanied by his brother François, the favorite 'cellist Lindley, besides Dragonetti and Moralt, pleased infinitely. This Fr. Cramer was a good musician, a great admirer of his brother, with no power of original production.

Moscheles played his G-minor Concerto, which he had subjected to some alteration, for the first time in the Philharmonic and afterwards in his own concert, receiving much applause. In the latter he was supported by the charming Cinti, Kiesewetter and Dizi, the excellent harp player. All went well and effectively together. "But we have rehearsed things in a very different way from what is customary here; for often they have no rehearsal at all; often half an orchestra runs through things once. So what do the singers do? They sing incessantly the few pieces which the orchestra knows and which the public are never tired of hearing."

A few days afterwards he writes: "What are all other concerts in comparison with that of the harp-player charlatan Bocha! I have only heard a little rehearsal of it, but I here write down the programme, although even that is a gigantic labor." In fact the incredible length of that concert is worth recording as a curiosity: here is the programme:

1. Overture to the Oratorio: "The Redemption," by Handel.
2. Aria, sung by Bellamy.
3. Air from "Joshua," Miss Goodall.
4. Duet: "Israel in Egypt."
5. Chorus.
6. Air from "Judas Maccabæus."
7. "Semele."
8. "Theodora."
9. Chorus from "Saul."
10. March from "Judas Maccabæus."
11. Air from "The Redemption."
12. Chorus from "Israel in Egypt."
13. Duet from "Figaro."
14. Alexander Variations ("played by myself.")

SECOND PART,

- [To which the Public were admitted for half price].
- 15 to 20. Six pieces from a musical Drama: "Bajazet," the music by a Lord Burghersh.
 21. Violin Concerto by Viotti, played by Mori.
 22. Recit. and Chorus from "Moses," by Rosini.
 23. Quintet.
 24. Duet from "Figaro," by Mme. Camporese and Carloni.
 25. Air from "Jephtha."
 26. Duet from "Tancredi," by Mme. Votris and Begrez.
 27. Rec. and Air from "The Creation," sung by Zochelli.
 28. Rec. and Air from Handel's "Il Penseroso," sung by Miss Stephens, with obligato flute accompaniment by Nicholson.
 29. Final Chorus from Beethoven's "Christ at the Mt. of Olives."

This gigantic programme throws even Astley's theatre into the shade, where on one evening they produce "a Scotch Hercules, divers rope-dancers, two Laplanders, two dogs and a bear."

The grand soirées to which Moscheles was invited, "to play before the high and highest nobility," were utterly against his taste. "What a different thing," he exclaims, "is music making in these hot, crowded places, before an unappreciative public, from our reunions among brother artists! Thank God! I never fared so badly as poor Lafont, whom the Duke of Devonshire tapped on the shoulder in the middle of a piece with '*C'est assez, mon cher*;' I am applauded if I tickle their ears."

The bright side of the picture was good pay and the making of a career. There is also something honorable in being invited to a Chateaubriand's; and it is always very interesting to have taken part in the soirées of the great world. There one meets everybody, princes, statesmen, men of science, and has an opportunity to come in closer contact with interesting persons. Moscheles enjoyed particularly the acquaintance of the celebrated *tragedienne* Mrs. Siddons, and the distinguished actor Young, whom he praised as an extremely cultivated, amiable man.

1823.

The year begins with preparations for a new journey to England, on which he started in the middle of January. As in the preceding year he had moved about between Paris and Versailles, Rouen and other French cities, so now he hovered between London, Bath, Bristol, &c., being sought for both in the great metropolis and in the provinces. Young ladies wished in a few lessons to learn a fragment of his astonishing way of playing. They could not, to be sure, catch his gift of improvisation by listening to him "in a few finishing lessons;" for that required, besides the greatest musical reading, his inborn talent for letting the given theme vanish and reappear kaleidoscopically in ever new, surprising turns. But the repeating notes, thought these gentle ladies, and the rolling uniformity of the running passages, they also could acquire; and so the provinces gladly disputed his possession with great London.

To enchain him the longer, in their eagerness to learn, the ladies in Bath and in the environs of this great watering place, besides his engagements with concert managers, arranged soirées in the first private

houses. He had only to come, to play, to pocket his laurels loaded with golden blossoms, and occasionally give a few lessons. In Bath he praises particularly the hospitality of the family of Barlows. "I am like a son in their open house; always my chamber is ready for me, and Miss Barlow is my most talented pupil too." Farther on we find some remarks about a Concerto in E major, which he began in this house and diligently wrought out.

But there is no lack also of droll notices. Thus among other things we find a ludicrous *quid pro quo* which happened to him, as a novice in the English language at the table of the Barlows. "I was asked to-day at the dessert, which of the fruits standing on the table I would take. 'Some sneers,' I innocently replied. Then followed first amazement, then loud laughter from all present who guessed the connection. Drawing my English with great labor then from conversation books and dictionaries, I had found '*not to care a fig*' defined '*to sneer at a person*,' and so supposed that *fig* and *sneer* were equally synonymous at the dessert (whereas the form was only figuratively used in the first instance)."

... Later we find Moscheles in London again: He writes: "I was at a so-called Oratorio Concert, one part Sacred, the other Secular. The public seemed to find the former rather too much for them, for they raved and stormed because certain pieces promised from the *Donna del Lago* were omitted." He was engaged for three of these concerts, and was satisfied with his success. "The public," he adds, "this time could be in good humor, since, not only the recently omitted pieces from the *Donna del Lago*, but whole numbers of the opera were served up to them." Another time he writes: "To-day the Oratorio Concert gave, among other things, along with a deal of secular music, the whole Oratorio 'Palestine' by Dr. Crotch. How are the nerves organized, that can endure so much heterogeneous music? And yet this Dr. Crotch, this English celebrity, seemed to me but a very weak cast of Handel." Later, when Moscheles hears *La Donna del Lago* at the Italian Opera, he finds that the music contains much that is beautiful; "the most beautiful, unquestionably, the charming Ronzi de Begnis with her lovely singing."

His chief occupation at this time was the composition of the E-major Concerto; besides which the Scotch Fantasia, the altered F-major Concerto and the four-hand Sonata were prepared for the engraver. "I wrote a *Gigue* for the supplement to the musical journal, the *Harmonicon*, the publisher of which, Mr. Walsh, proprietor of the Argyll Rooms, begged me to send him what I pleased; he pays 5 guineas for such a little thing. The '*Charmes de Paris*' brought me 20 guineas, and the first part of the '*Bonbonnière*' the same. In spite of this I let much manuscript music lie unpublished; mere pecuniary advantage is not all I want; I must feel that there is progress, that there are no special faults in the new things; else I would rather not let them go out." In leisure hours he made a new arrangement of the *Egmont* Overture, and he used to call anything of that sort his "manual labor."

Every one who stood near Moscheles, knew what accuracy he required in the engraving of his compositions. His engravers had the most careful instructions as to where the leaves might be turned over; every note-head had to stand precisely in its place, every pause to be distinctly legible. "All this," he used to say, "contributes to precise playing, as well as to the

right understanding of the piece; and if a man affects the rôle of a great genius, and writes so indistinctly that no engraver can read him, and his piece comes out full of faults, he is still no Beethoven by a long shot. He may do anything, but he has also his own engraver who knows how to read him. They should all in the first place compose like Beethoven; then they may write as they please."

[To be Continued.]

Our Theatre Orchestras.

(From the Atlantic Monthly for November.)

Among other questions of more or less vital importance to the musical cultivation of our people, there is one which forces itself irresistibly upon our notice, namely, the musical performances at our theatres. There is probably not a theatre in the country that does not boast something in the shape of an orchestra, which, besides furnishing such occasional music as may be required in the course of the drama itself, regales the audience with "choice and varied selections of new and popular music" between the acts. As a subject for æsthetic contemplation, the theatre "orchestra" is at best a dispiriting one; but in spite of the fact that it is, as at present constituted, in nine cases out of ten an almost unmitigated evil, we are not inclined to look upon it as a wholly hopeless case. The question whether music ought or ought not to be introduced between the acts of plays is an interesting one for abstract æsthetic discussion, but is unfortunately of no practical value. Whatever may be our opinion as to what ought or ought not to be is little to the purpose in this case, as playwrights, managers, and orchestral players have long since settled what shall be. Dramatic authors from Shakespeare down to the sensationalists of our own day have introduced music into their dramas; musicians cannot be hired for less than a whole evening, and managers can never be persuaded to support an orchestra without "getting their full money's worth," or, in other words, making them play as much as possible. The theatre orchestra may then be regarded as an unavoidable fact. But it is the vile quality of the thing that we must principally protest against, rather than its possible inappropriateness. With lamentably few exceptions the musical interludes at our theatres are very poor, both as to the music performed, and the manner of performance. To be sure the management of the theatre have, at the outset, little reason to suppose that the audience is of a particularly musical cast. They have not come together with any distinctly musical intent, and whatever of music is introduced during the evening will no doubt be regarded by most listeners as merely a conventional make-weight in the entertainment. But it may be fairly supposed that a certain proportion of the audience are in some measure musically cultivated, or, at the very least, musically disposed, and we cannot see how the theatre management would lose by furnishing music that would be enjoyed by the more cultivated portion of the public, instead of more than boring them by such musical trash as is merely tolerated by the unmusical portion to whom good and bad music are equally indifferent. Of all perverted developments in the fine arts, bad music is the most insufferable. We can shut our eyes against bad drawing or false combinations of colors, and can turn away from bad sculpture and architecture with contemptuous indifference; but when bad music comes upon the field, there is nothing for it but patient suffering or ignominious flight. The "music" that the audience is doomed to listen to at many of our best theatres is beyond all doubt a serious drawback to the enjoyment of quite a considerable portion of our theatre-going public. The musical part of the audience constitute indeed a minority, but a cultivated minority have rights that are to be respected, especially where the uncultivated majority are manifestly indifferent.

To look at once at the darkest side of the picture, there is one point in our theatre orchestras about which the many are unfortunately not indifferent, and that is the cornet à pistons. It would be difficult to estimate the harm that has been done the popular musical taste and to musical performances in general by this, we had almost said diabolical, little instrument. Through its great popularity with the masses it has gradually crept from the lowest place in the orchestra up to the first and highest. It dominates the whole orchestra, and everything has to give way before it. A good cornet soloist draws a higher salary at some of our theatres than any but the leading violinist. As a solo instrument, the cornet has the smallest pretensions to anything beyond a certain penetrating brilliancy of tone, fascinating at first, but inexpressive and, after a while, most tediously monotonous. By means of modern mechanism the

flexibility and power of rapid execution of the instrument have been greatly increased, but only just enough to tempt the skillful performer to try to push his instrument out of its proper sphere and to do things with it which no composer in his senses ever intended to be done. What the Rev. H. R. Haweis says of the amateur flute and cornet may be applied with equal force and justice to the professional cornet player:—

"There is a composure about the flute and cornet, an unruffled temperament, a philosophical calm, and absolute satisfaction in their respective efforts, which other musicians may envy but cannot hope to rival. Other musicians feel annoyed at not accomplishing what they attempt; the cornet and the flute tell you at once they attempt what cannot be done."* In listening to some of the difficult variations, full of rapid running passages, *fioriture* and prolonged double-tonguing, that are attempted by cornet players, even such masters of the instrument as Levy, Sylvestre, or our own admirable Arbuckle, we cannot help a sympathetic recall of Dr. Johnson's: "Difficult, madam! Would that it were impossible!" Hector Berlioz, in his work on instrumentation, speaks thus of the cornet: "The cornet à pistons is very much the fashion in France to-day, especially in certain musical circles where elevation and purity of style are not considered as very essential qualities; it has thus become the indispensable solo instrument for contra-dances, galops, airs with variations, and other second-rate compositions. Continually hearing it, as we now do in ball rooms, orchestras, executing melodies more or less wanting in originality and refinement of style, combined with the character of its *timbre*, which has neither the nobility of the tones of the horn nor the haughty brilliancy of those of the trumpet, renders the introduction of the cornet à pistons into the high, melodic style of considerable difficulty. It can figure there, however, with advantage, but only rarely and on the condition of having only to sing phrases in a broad, slow movement and of an incontestable dignity. . . . Joyous melodies on this instrument will always risk the loss of much of their nobility, if they possess any, and if they are wanting in it, a redoubling of their triviality. A phrase which might seem tolerable when executed by the violins or the wooden wind instruments, would become odiously insipid and vulgar when thrown out into relief by the pungent, flaunting, unabashed tones of the cornet à pistons."

If this were the only evil, it might be perhaps bearable; but the cornet having, as we have said, gained almost undivided supremacy over all other instruments in the orchestra, has very like a prime minister in office, given prominent positions to some of its less lucky relations. When any instrument plays a solo, the rest of the orchestra naturally expects to be thrown into the shade; but human lips are not made of cast-iron, neither are human lungs made of leather, and there is a limit to even a cornet player's powers of endurance, and he cannot play solos all the time. If when not dazzling the public by his lovelorn screaming and pyrotechnic flourishes in a solo, the cornet could only be allowed to repose on his hard-earned laurels, and give the rest of the orchestra a chance! But no. Like the *comprimario* singer in our opera troops, who, "when not required by the business of his part, will please help in the chorus," the cornet, when not playing solos, must take its natural place in the body of instruments and do duty with the rest. But one cornet in an orchestra of the size we usually find in our theatres, is like Walter Brown pulling a fourteen-foot oar on one side of the boat and half a dozen children paddling with shingles on the other. The equilibrium of forces is destroyed. Thus we find that one cornet cannot exist without a second, and last, but by no means least, a trombone.

We might fill a volume in detailing the various abuses that this latter instrument has been put to, but will content ourselves with again quoting from Berlioz: "Gluck, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Spontini, and some others have understood the whole importance of the rôle of the trombone; they have applied with perfect intelligence the various characters of this noble instrument to painting human passions and reproducing the sounds of nature; they have consequently preserved its power, its dignity, and its poetry. But to constrain it, as a crowd of composers do to-day, to howl out in a *credo* brutal phrases, less worthy of the sacred temple than of a tavern, to sound as for the entry of Alexander into Babylon, when there is only question of a dancer's *pirouette*, to strum chords of the tonic and dominant for a little song which a guitar would suffice to accompany, to mingle its Olympian voice in the poverty-stricken melody of a vaudeville duet, or the frivolous noise of a contra-dance, to prepare in the *tutti* of a concerto for the triumphal advent of an oboe or a flute, is to

impoverish and degrade a magnificent individuality to make a slave and buffoon of a hero, to discolorize the orchestra, to render impotent and useless all rational progression of instrumental forces, to undo the past, present, and future of art, to commit a voluntary act of vandalism, or show a want of sentiment and expression that approaches to stupidity." This has more direct reference to the abuse of the trombone in writing for full orchestra, but applies with double force to our small theatre orchestras, where the ridiculously small proportion of strings and reeds gives additional prominence to the brass. But bad as this arrangement of orchestral forces is, many not altogether had effects might be drawn from it, were the music performed only well arranged for the number and quality of the instruments employed. This however, is rarely the case. The music performed is generally written for full orchestra, which means an orchestra capable of filling at least eighteen and often twenty-four *instrumental parts*. When such music is played by only twelve or fourteen instruments, it may well be asked, What becomes of the remaining parts? The answer is simple: They must shift for themselves, and the piece do without them as best it can. In some cases music composed for full orchestra, such as light overtures, potpourris, dance music, etc., is published with a view to being performed by a smaller number of instruments than it was originally written for, and some arrangement has been made by which one instrument can take the place of another when absolutely necessary. But these "arrangements for a small orchestra" are very rarely well done; the only object seeming to be to prevent an awkward silence in the middle of a piece where the absence of some solo instrument would leave a disconcerting gap, little or no attention being paid to restoring the dynamic balance of the harmony which the absence of so many instruments from the orchestra must unavoidably destroy. Exceptional combinations of instruments, which our theatre orchestras most certainly are in the history of orchestration, require exceptional treatment, and where instruments have double duty to do, they cannot be treated as if they were only filling their normal place in the orchestra.

But we have dwelt long enough upon this side of the question, and are in truth rather sick of fault finding. In spite of the many and great imperfections of our theatre orchestras, we can see even now indications of how great improvements could be made in them with very little trouble, and how the musical part of theatrical entertainments might be made no despicable agent in improving the popular taste in music, instead of being as they now are a mere drag on popular musical education. And here let no enthusiast for "popular music" imagine for a moment that we would preach the playing of Beethoven symphonies, Bach fugues, or Haydn quartets between the acts at our theatre. We are always glad to hear Strauss waltzes and some of the better class of polkas and mazurkas, many of which can be easily brought within the executive scope of a few instruments. Operatic potpourris we would heartily protest against, as being in the first place an insult to the composer of the opera, and secondly as being perhaps the lowest conceivable form of music, if that can be called a form which has no form or logical development whatever. We have called the operatic potpourri the lowest musical form, but we had almost forgotten those most hideous agglomerations of tunes known as the "medley of popular airs" and the "burlesque overture." The two forms of composition are really one and the same, differing only in name, and are in fact nothing more than the vulgarized popular airs, such as we hear whistled in our streets by bootblacks and newspaper boys, thrown together without rhyme or reason, and most villainously put upon the orchestra. Far better than these are the German "bouquets of melodies," Conradi's "Melodiensträusse," for instance, which are keenly enjoyable even by cultivated musicians. These "bouquets" consists of bits of different melodies, often not more than four or five bars of each one, thrown together pell-mell, and following upon each other's heels in such quick succession that it often requires the closest attention on the part of the listener to detect where one air changes to another. Thus little bits from operas, symphonies, oratorios, national airs, waltzes, sentimental ballads, and Scotch hornpipes are reeled off before the audience in most bewildering confusion and often with irresistibly comic effect. The "bouquet" arranger has of course an eye to the most glaring and ridiculous contrasts in these sudden changes of theme, and the way in which one air merges into another is at times quite startling. We have heard Handel's *Lascia ch'io pianga* followed so closely by Ardit's *Il Bacio* that it was impossible to tell where the one stopped and the other began. Of course these things have no more form than the potpourri, but they are written

* Music and Morals, p. 441, New York edition.

with manifestly comic intent, and we would no more quarrel with their formlessness than with Artemas Ward's spelling or Hans Breitmann's grammar. That musical wit and humor should be so well appreciated as it actually is by the mass of our audiences is in itself a hopeful sign for the future. Comic variations on any well-known theme are always keenly enjoyed whenever heard. Those astounding bits of musical humor where the piccolo, flute and trombone play a theme in alternate bars, where an air is tossed about all over the orchestra from the first violin to the kettle-drums, where the man with the clarinet "quacks" up from a low note to a high one in most sea-sick portamento, and the double bass squeaks in high harmonics, to be answered by an angry growl from the depths of the bassoon,—are cheap means, perhaps, from any high artistic point of view, for raising a laugh, but more grateful to our ears than cornet cavatinas, badly arranged overtures, or vulgar dance hall music.

When the play performed is of such a nature as to make things of this sort out of place between the acts, the question what to play becomes one of very serious difficulty. Light music of any kind is out of place between the acts of Shakespeare tragedies or in fact of any serious plays, and we shudder at the thought of confiding any really fine music to many of our theatre orchestras. Some of them, to be sure, are capable of producing fine compositions of the simpler sort in quite a passable manner, and they have this advantage over most of the orchestras at our classical concerts, that they are accustomed to play together seven or eight times a week. In some cases it is only a deficiency in numbers that prevents them from being quite good and effective orchestras. The only way that we can see out of the difficulty is, that whatever good music they are called upon to play should be arranged by a competent musician especially for the instruments at his command, with a view to combining those instruments to the best advantage.

Anton Rubinstein.

The following sketch of Rubinstein is the work of an eminent German critic and writer upon dramatic subjects. This English version has been prepared for the *Advertiser* by a gentleman of great culture and of marked skill as a translator.

Anton Rubinstein was born in the village of Wech-svetynetz in Russian Bes Arabia on the 30th of November (18th O. S.) in the year 1830. Early in life he exhibited marked musical talent, and at the age of six years he was placed under Villoing for instruction. In 1840 he went with his teacher to Paris: but failing, on account of his foreign birth, to secure his admission to the *Conservatoire*, then under the leadership of Cherubini, Villoing had recourse to the bold measure of introducing the young pianist to the Parisian public in the concert room; this at a time, too, when the public had the opportunity of hearing Chopin, Thalberg and other celebrities, and when Franz Liszt was there in the zenith of his fame. But the bold venture proved a most brilliant success. At once favorably impressed by his Beethoven-like head and the grave, mature dignity of his bearing, the audience followed him with rapt attention, and when Liszt first nodded his head approvingly and finally caught up the little fellow in his arms and, kissing him, joyfully exclaimed "*Das wird der Erbe meines Spieles*," the enthusiasm of the public broke forth in a thunder-storm of applause and the name of Rubinstein was established.

After spending a year and a half in Paris, engaged in the comprehensive study of music, he went to London, where he made the acquaintance and won the regard of Mendelssohn. His youth induced his father to call him home for a time, but in 1844 he was placed under the instruction of "Old Dehn," the celebrated contrapuntist in Berlin. While studying thorough-bass under Dehn, he enjoyed the society of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, both of whom took an earnest interest in him and endeavored with kindly sympathy to confine the rushing and unbridled talent of the young son of the Steppes within moderated and regulated bounds. This double influence was most beneficial to Rubinstein's genius. The wild grandeur of his "Asiatic" nature, that involuntarily struggled to break through, found under the wise moderation of "Old Dehn" the path to truth, and, assisted by the fine discrimination of Mendelssohn, the path to beauty.

A sonata for piano and violoncello (the manuscript of which was lost by Dehn) and a series of songs and piano morceaux published in this period, testify to the chastened taste of the young composer.

Upon his father's death in 1846, young Rubinstein, now 17 years of age, was left to his own resources. He formed the plan of going to America, but first sought counsel of his old master, Dehn, who strongly dissuaded him from his purpose, and induced him to

remain in Berlin, where he gave instruction on the piano until 1849, and composed his first notable works. The six "Songs of the People," after texts of Löwenstein, are still reckoned among his most original compositions. Much that was written during these years in a feverish impulse, Rubinstein subsequently recast, or, with the severe self-criticism peculiar to himself, condemned and destroyed. From this period, however, date the charming "*Persische Lieder*" (Persian Songs), and his two important piano concertos. A singular adventure overtook him soon after, when on a journey home to see his mother. His pass, together with many manuscripts, all contained in his trunk, were lost with it, and the Russian police sent the suspected stranger to St. Petersburg under a strong escort, and from there conducted him—though not to Siberia—yet to a fortress or some similar undesirable locality to which passless individuals are sent in Russia. The romantic expedient which Salvator Rosa had successfully used with the Italian brigands, and which Donizetti after him is said to have repeated in improvising the "*Elisir d'amore*" to establish his identity, failed with the Russian police, who, although Rubinstein offered to prove his identity upon the piano, remained stolidly immovable. At last the Grand Duchess Helene happened to hear of his adventure, and, effecting his release, the noble, art-loving lady sought to draw him to the musical circles of her court, and permanently attached him to it as chamber virtuoso. Here he had opportunities for a three fold development. As pianist he shone in the courts and public concerts. The imperial government had never (as has been erroneously stated by biography) given him an opportunity to show himself as a director. But he founded a conservatory in St. Petersburg in combination with an institute for larger orchestral renderings, at the head of which he stood for nine years, a service which merits the undying gratitude of his native country. He now found occasion to study and penetrate into the very soul of the great classic symphonies and oratorios of the masters, in the artistic production of which he is now hardly excelled by any living director.

His most important achievements, however, were as a composer. A national Russian opera, "Dmitri Donski," was brought out in 1850, and three lesser operas, "Die Sibirischen Jäger" (the Siberian Hunters), "Toms, der Narr" (Toms the Fool), and "Die Rache" (Revenge) were produced in the two succeeding years. The mighty piano sonata, op. 41, the sonata for piano and cello, and the Ocean Symphony, with its first movement of unsurpassed grandeur, all date from this period. His excellent string quartets, op. 47, the superb trios in G-flat and B sharp,* and several collections of most charming "*Klavier-Stücke*" and songs that soon formed with Schubert's and Schumann's song compositions an inestimable treasure of the entire musical world, followed each other in rapid succession. His oratorio, "*Das verlor'ne Paradies*" (Paradise Lost), that records, though in the most independent manner, his sympathy with Mendelssohn, places him in this field also with the foremost of his predecessors. His great opera, "Die Kinder der Heide" (The Children of the Heath), produced in a masterly manner at the court opera in Vienna, was enthusiastically received. A second German opera "Feramors" (the material from "Lalla Rookh") met with high appreciation at the court theatre in Dresden and in other German theatres. His musical character sketches, "Faust" and "Iwan the Cruel," his quartet for piano and three-string instruments and his oratorio "Der Thurm von Babel" (The building of the tower of Babel) have more recently fully established his reputation. At present he is at work upon a biblical opera, "Moses," and upon one of a romantic, fantastical character, the materials for which are taken from Sermentof's "Demon."

His stay in St. Petersburg suffered but one interruption, in 1854, when he made a concert tour through Germany, England and France, which was one unbroken triumph.

Celebrated as an artist, and satisfied by the flourishing success of the conservatory founded by him, he yet felt that in St. Petersburg he was too far removed from the focus of artist life and action, and he therefore determined upon removing either to Paris or Vienna. The events of the year 1870 decided him to take his family to Vienna, where he accepted the honorable post of director of the "Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde" (Association of the Friends of Music.)

Rubinstein, as stated above, is 41 years old, but his appearance does not indicate his age. His lithe, elastic body bears a head with a massive brow, crowned with luxuriant hair. Although the some-

what depressed nose and the comparatively small eyes proclaim the Russian type, the head, especially in moments when as conductor or at the piano every nerve of his countenance plays with inspiration and enthusiasm, reminds decidedly of Beethoven. But it is by no means to be supposed that Rubinstein is one of those nervous, fidgety artists who wear the expression of their animation and enthusiasm purposely or inconsiderately on the surface in order to make a theatrical impression on their audience. Nothing is farther from the character of Rubinstein and more abhorrent to him than outward show. On the contrary he carries his severe simplicity and freedom from all affectation so far, looking only to the just interpretation of the work he may be playing or conducting, that he has repeatedly been accused of puritanical severity.

But it is this very unadorned genuineness and unpretending simplicity which is the leading trait of his character, and by which he regulates his whole life. Although a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word, he and his house, which is always open to the highest and most cultivated society, are of the simplest, most unassuming modesty, and his manner in every exigency of his life shows a modest adaptation to the situation and a total absence of personal vanity—yet combined with the most determined self-reliance and the most utter sinking himself in his task—qualities that contrast favorably with the well-known pretentious manner of many "artists." But while he shows the most amiable affability with his colleagues and with young artists and amateurs, he delights in treating the so-called "great" in society with sovereign artist pride. Wholly insensible to all external marks of honor, titles, orders and flattering praises, he nevertheless demands with iron determination the proper respect and attention due to a true artist. It is well known that he abruptly cut short a piano recital at the Russian court, when the conversation of their highnesses interrupted; and to a northern potentate, who played whilst Rubinstein performed, and who sent him a decoration on the next day, he returned it with the message that he could not have merited it, since Serenissimus had not listened to him at all. The personal apology of the sovereign was tendered upon the succeeding day.

He delights in receiving friends in his own house, which, however often he may change his residence, at once becomes the centre of attraction and gathering-point of all music lovers. His wife, the daughter of a Russian counsellor of state, Tchikonanoff by name, who has presented him with three charming children during the six years of their married life, stands worthily by his side as most amiable of hostesses and highly cultivated art-connoisseurs. She accompanies him to the scene of his new triumphs.

Of his piano playing it is difficult to speak adequately. Moscheles in his day was lauded as the founder of a new school of piano technique. From his school date the energetic attack—the "volubility" of the fingers, the conquest of technical difficulties—in short, the whole dazzling apparatus by means of which so many pianists have attained to universal celebrity. In Rubinstein everything that manual technique can present is concentrated. There are no difficulties for his fingers; he even invents difficulties never dreamed of, in order to conquer them in his playing, and some of his compositions can therefore be played adequately by no one but himself. When Thalberg held his triumphal march, it was the elegance and grace of his delivery which entranced the whole world. Under his aristocratic fingers the keys gave forth melodies like song. Now hear Rubinstein sing Chopin or play Rossini's *Gondolier*, and you seem to hear the magic of the song itself accompanied by the softly tremulous chords of the mandoline. One is led to expect his titanic strength from his mighty hands and his massive head; and it is in the massive, the grand, one might say the symphonic of piano playing that Rubinstein has found his true domain. Beethoven rushes forth from under his fingers like a gigantic torrent, a piano sonata becomes a symphony, a symphony played by him on the piano sounds like an orchestral rendering. The listener fancies he sees a Briareus with one hundred hands, for the forte rises above itself and mounts to an overpowering volume of sound. Yet each phrase is clear and intelligently expressive, and there is an affinity between the great tone-poet and his interpreter, who bodies forth thoughts not dreamt of in the interpretation of others.

Here Rubinstein is aided by an almost fabulous memory, playing the entire classic repertoire from recollection, and his recitals thus seem like improvisation. Then when you hear him accompany some song of Schubert or Schumann you will ask yourself in amazement whether it be the singer or the accompanist who sings. It is this unbounded versatility of his genius, furnishing perfection in every requirement, that has made him sole monarch in the realm

* Probably a mistranslation for G minor and B-flat major.
—Ed.

of the pianoforte. A concert of Rubinstein's needs no other artist's assistance, no other numbers. The charm of variety in his rendering has made it possible for him to give unaided and alone four concerts in one season that filled the vast Concert Halle in Vienna to the dome. Yet though no numbers but his own were on the programme his audiences were never weary and never satisfied, demanding *encores* at the close of each concert with perfect storms of applause.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.—The Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* is responsible for the following: "The celebrated pianist, Leopold de Meyer, gives his experience at the Turkish Court in a letter, which is going the round of the papers. 'It was,' he says, 'no easy matter to play music in the seraglio. You are sent for at eight in the morning in order to play at three in the afternoon; you must be in full uniform; you wait seven hours in a very fine gallery, where it is forbidden to sit. From time to time you are informed of what His Highness is doing. His Highness has just got up—you must prostrate yourself. A little later you are told that His Highness is taking his bath—you prostrate yourself again. His Highness is dressing—you re-prostrate yourself. His Highness is taking his coffee, and you re-prostrate yourself at each of these particulars more profoundly than before. At length your piano is brought in. The legs have been taken off so as not to injure the floor, a precious mosaic of rare woods. The immense grand piano is placed on five Turks! The wretched men support the crushing mass on their knees. 'Why,' you say, 'I can't play on a five-Turk piano.' It is thought that you hesitate because the instrument is not horizontal. A cushion is therefore placed under the knees of the smallest Turk. No one supposes that a sentiment of humanity makes you hesitate. After a long explanation of this refinement of civilization, the piano is placed on its own legs again. The Sultan appears. After all sorts of salaams you are told to play. You ask for a chair; there is no chair. No one ever sits in presence of His Highness.' M. de Meyer suppresses one detail which, however, is current here as authentic. He played a long fantasia on his knees, and when, at the end, the Sultan thought he must be very tired, M. de Meyer convinced his Highness of the contrary by moving round the gallery on his hands."

The Star Spangled Banner and National Songs.

[Read at a meeting of the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, October 21, by the Hon. Stephen Salisbury, President of the Society.]

As a slight cloak of propriety, if not of dignity for a subject that may be considered of little importance, to which I invite the attention of the society for a few minutes, I will offer a familiar quotation from Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, which is of some value to Fletcher, for it has given him his best hold on the memory of modern times. He writes: I knew of a very wise man who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who made all the laws of the nation." If this should be thought to be exaggeration, it will not be doubted that national songs, in some degree, form and indicate the character of a people, and are therefore worthy of historical notice. I am not aware that there is more important proof of this power of music than is found in the influence of the song entitled "The Star Spangled Banner," during the struggles for the life of our nation in the last twelve years. In the efforts and suffering of the camp, the battle field and the prison, and in the discouragements and sacrifices of those who upheld the national arm at home, the untiring repetition of their inspiring strains and the "marching on" of a more humble and more energetic chorus kept up by the strength and enthusiasm of confident hope. Thus the "Star Spangled Banner" has become a favorite of our people. It is well known that it was written by Thomas Scott Key, a young lawyer of Baltimore, in September, 1814, and it was begun on board of a ship of the British fleet lying near Fort McHenry, to which he had gone to negotiate an exchange of prisoners. To prevent his giving intelligence to his countrymen of the intention to make the combined attack by sea and by land on Baltimore, he was detained as a prisoner of war. There he anxiously watched the flag of his country floating over the fort through the day, and in the darkness of the night caught occasional glimpses of it, in the explosion of the shells and rockets by which it was assailed, and when morning dawned, he saw with thrilling delight, that the beautiful ensign still waved over its brave defenders. This scene and the emotions that it excited he has

Painted and expressed in this pathetic and inspiring song. The origin of the appropriate tune, that gives strength and deeper feeling to the words, is not so well known. Every one can readily say that the tune is taken from the old English song, entitled, "To Anacreon in Heaven." But I have inquired in vain of the most learned belles-lettres scholars that I know or could approach, for the author of the words or the music or the date of either. The song, as printed in "The Universal Songster," published in London, from 1825 to 1834, has the name of Ralph Tomlinson as the author. Multiplied inquiries and research in all biographies and indexes, that I can consult, have not discovered the name, yet the song has grace, beauty and wit, and is enriched with happy classical ornaments, and it seems to be a thing that could not be disowned or forgotten. It existed to be the model of the song by Robert Treat Paine, Jr., called "Adams and Liberty," at the period when Thomas Moore was first known as a poet, and it is almost worthy of his pen, but it has never been attributed to him. It is commonly called an old English song, but the earliest imprint of it that I have seen, is in my copy of "The Vocal Companion," published in Philadelphia, by Mathew Carey, in 1796. The *Nightingale*, printed in Boston, in 1804, has the words and the music, but not the name of the author. It seems, then, to be a case in which the best of evidence must be obtained from the party on trial, and the song must speak for itself. Its first words are:

"To Anacreon in Heaven, where he sat in full glee,
A few sons of harmony sent their petition,"

and the last line and the chorus are:—

"May our club flourish happy, united and free;
And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."

We have here the facts that the song was written for a musical club, called the sons of Anacreon. Of this club I can find no other mention. With a general resemblance to the poetry of Moore, there are sentences that have not his choice English, as for instance, the line above, "May our club flourish happy, united and free," which is more like the language of the republican contemporaries of Robert Treat Paine, than the verses of the wits of the earlier time of the first George, or of Queen Anne, to whom the song has vaguely been attributed.

The *Historical Magazine*, vol. 3, p. 23, states that the tune was originally set to the song, "To Anacreon in Heaven," by Dr. Arnold. Many notices of Dr. Samuel Arnold, who lived from 1739 to 1802, do not support this statement, though they mention inferior music. This accompaniment is more remarkable than the poetry. Its character is strong and decided, yet it is graceful and flexible, and adapts itself with equal success to the sport of the revellers, to the anxious thoughts of the patriot prisoner and to the exulting tones of national strength.

As an apology for this research of much length and little fruit, it may be remembered that the investigation of authorship of subjects of intellectual entertainment is not a waste of time for idle curiosity. The enjoyment of the works of our greatest favorites is increased by a sense of personal gratitude.

The song to Anacreon is always admired on first acquaintance, but it has not gained a place among verses which make men stronger and happier in remembering them. Though it is free from grossness, it is a bacchanalian song, and, like the subject, it must be a transient pleasure at the best. It is said that, in the first flush of popularity, its rhythm and music were used for poetical efforts more short lived than itself. I do not discover that it was a favorite when Robert Treat Paine, Jr., used its measure in his spirited song, entitled "Adams and Liberty," which was written for and first sung at the anniversary of the Massachusetts charitable fire society in Boston, on June 1, 1798.

Its first words:—

Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights, which unstaid from your shores have
descended;

And the energetic chorus—

For the sons of Columbia will never be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves—

Will bring to mind its high sentiments and swelling sound, well suited for musical expression and enthusiastic effect. Though it was brought out in a time of great party bitterness, and it was exclusively claimed by one of the parties, it has nothing but the language of the broadest patriotism. With all its merits, it was never universally accepted as a national song, and the recent "Library of Poetry and Song," published under the sanction of the honored name of William Cullen Bryant, has rescued from oblivion "Sally in our Alley," but has no room for the sons of Columbia. Some reasons for this failure may be briefly stated. The name of the wise patriot at the head of the government, which was a part of the

title of the song, did not recommend it. The broad waves of democracy, which had begun to carry Mr. Jefferson to the highest place, for a time submerged the merits of Mr. Adams and his federal associates, and federal sentiments and federal songs lost their popular pre-eminence. This political movement, though partially unjust, was not wholly evil, since it severed the last rope that bound our nation to the fast-anchored isle from which it had been launched. Moreover, there was a felt, though unacknowledged, incongruity between the chorus and the condition of an increasing portion of our inhabitants, and the thoughts and feelings of the song are peculiar to the recent struggle and the escape from national peril; and the ideas of strength, prosperity and progress are not set forth as they should be in a national song.

After sixteen years, in which the tune of the Anacreontic song was seldom heard in this country or in Europe, it was applied to the pathetic verses of Mr. Key. A few words may be permitted concerning this questioned right to use the rhythm and music for an American song. Notes and Queries (21. s. v. 6, 429,) quotes from "Amusing Letters from America," this passage. The air of "The Star Spangled Banner," which our cousins, with their customary impudence of assertion, claim as their own, is almost none for note that of the fine old English song "When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove." That the song, "When Vulcan forged the bolts," &c., written by Thomas Dibdin, "is very little, if at all, older than the Star Spangled Banner," and its verses are not fitted to the same tune, are to an *amusing* writer facts of no consequence. The quoted passage is a missile that has so often been thrown across the water, that it is worth while to pick it up and examine it for a moment. The English language and its treasures are the property of those who emigrated from the parent country, and of those who remained there. And the emigrants have not been wanting in successful efforts to add something to the common store. When frauds are perpetrated against the individual producer's right to honor or profit, as has occurred on both sides, let the offenders be punished severely, as they will be by shame and loss. But, in this case, there was no fraud and no injury. A musical composition, little regarded, was openly taken up as a neglected stray, and attached to verses with which it was more effective than with the words with which it is first known to us. An advantageous use gives a better right of property than a fruitless discovery or invention. No one reproaches the Protestants of England that they took possession of an obscure French tune, and by a change in its movement adapted it to their taste and their religious comfort and edification, as "Old Hundred."

For a time, the words of the "Star Spangled Banner" were occasionally sung by the cultivated and refined, but they were too sad for the spirit of a strong and ambitious people. But after forty years a cloud of anxiety and peril came over our land, that was faintly shadowed in the night watch of Mr. Key. Then strength and endurance were gladly sought in sympathy with the devoted patriotism and confident hope that he has so strongly expressed. That darkness has now passed, and the music that cheered it will not be heard above the loud and joyful tones of prosperity and ambition. The instrumental accompaniment and the thrilling chorus, worthy of the most beautiful national flag on the earth, will be a constant and untiring gratification to the ear and the heart of an American. But the words now in use will not be accepted as a permanent national song.

The distinction of being the undisputed and most approved American national song is conceded to Hail Columbia, which was written in 1798, by Joseph Hopkinson, L.L.D., of Philadelphia, for the benefit of an actor named Fox. The *Columbian Centinel* of May 2, 1798, on the shelves of your library, gives the verses as we have them, and states that "it has been sung on the boards of Philadelphia." The *Historical Magazine*, vol. 5, page 282, on authority of William McKoy of Philadelphia, in Poulson's *Advertiser* of 1829, mentions that this song was set to the music of "The President's March" by Johannes Roth, a German music teacher in that city. And the *Historical Magazine*, vol. 3, page 23, quotes from the *Baltimore Clipper* of 1841, that the "President's March" was composed by Professor Phylla, of Philadelphia, and was played at Trenton in 1789, when Washington passed over to New York to be inaugurated, as it was stated by a son of Professor Phylla, who was one of the performers. The thoughts of "Hail Columbia" are elevated and refined, but they are peculiar to the circumstances of its origin. They are directed to the conflict that has just ceased, the efforts necessary to secure its fruits, and the possibility of future peril, with a just tribute to Washington and the other heroes and statesmen on whom the nation relies. With these qualities it has never satisfied the demand for a

national patriotic song, and as time goes on, it is called for in the absence of a better, with increasing infrequency.

Yankee Doodle is a national property, but it is not a treasure of the highest value. It has some antiquarian claims, on which its warmest friends do not rely. It cannot be disowned, and it will not be disused. In its own older words,

"It suits for feasts, it suits for fun,
And just as well for fighting."

And its easy utterance and its fearless and frolicsome humor make its accompaniment welcome on fit occasions and preserve its popularity. But it exists now as an instrumental and not as a vocal performance. Its voice is never heard, and I think would not be acceptable to America for public or private entertainments. But its music must be silent when serious purposes are entertained, and men's hearts are moved to high efforts and great sacrifices. As a song, Yankee Doodle has not a national character.

To give an account of the sapphire ode called "The American Hero," written by Hon. and Rev. Nathan Niles, and very popular in Connecticut during the Revolutionary war, and to describe other abortive attempts to furnish a national song, would suit the patience of the study of an antiquary better than the small share that I can claim of this brief session. But I cannot omit to say a few words on the recent efforts to obtain a national song by transplanting the old English anthem God Save the King. The most acceptable of these is the anthem called America, beginning "My country, 'tis of thee," and following the air and metre of its original. The author is the Rev. Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, a professor in Colby University, and an eminent man for learning and character in the distinguished class that graduated from Harvard University in 1829. The anthem has much merit of thought and expression, but when it is sung it excites little enthusiasm, and it is easy to see that it is received with the limited satisfaction with which a man wears a coat that is borrowed and altered. Such imitations will never be recognized as national songs. It is said that the tune of "God Save the King" has been adopted by the present Emperor of Germany for state occasions throughout his dominions. If this be true, the Germans have too much of fatherland to sanction such an adoption. It is more likely that it is sung and played at times there, as in France and this country, for the mere entertainment of the music.

The weight of evidence is in favor of the claims of Henry Carey, Mus. D., who lived from 1692 to 1743, to the authorship of the poetry and music of "God Save the King." Of Mr. Carey, his friend Jean Frederic Lampe said: "His musical instruction did not enable him to put a bass to his own ballads." This noble anthem was made for the honor of George the Second, who otherwise received little honor from his subjects and their posterity. Such is the strange origin of the grandest patriotic song in the English language. We may learn what our American national song should be, by observing what the ancient model is in its various parts. The notes are emphatic as a chant, easily learned and distinctly sounded by many, so that the singers hear and are moved by the voices of their companions; and this effect is aided by the shortness of the words. Though the air is simple, it is fitted to rise with the strength of feeling. It appeals with power to loyalty, which in a monarchy is devotion to the king, his crown and dignity. It is suited to all the changes of national life, to joy or grief, to peace or war, to anxiety or triumph. It has enough of the progressive and aggressive character to gratify the Anglo Saxon temper and the attractive spice of party spirit is not wanting. And it is pervaded with an expression of religious trust that is more grateful to the mind of man than our philosophers are willing to admit. A patriotic song equally well adapted to our institutions would be an ornament and a strength to our nation, and an untiring enjoyment to our people.

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, OCT. 10.—Most of our city papers have announced the fact that it is now a year since the fire. The Almanac confirms their assertion. And as I tried to give you last year some idea of the destruction, I will this year endeavor to give a conception of the restoration. During the year there have been built in the central part of the city a little over ten miles of business fronts, buildings of brick and stone, from four to seven stories high, costing in the aggregate over forty-three millions of dollars. The burnt district of the South side is about half rebuilt. On the North

side less has been done. But next year will go far to put them to rights again. At the same time the parts of the city not destroyed have improved faster than ever before in the same time. The national census of 1870 gave us, I think, a trifle under three hundred thousand people. Our own school census of October, '71, gave us about 327,000 people. Our school census of '72, just taken, shows a present population of 367,000. The North Side has about 12,000 less than before the fire. The South Side about 2,000 more; the West Side has now 214,000, or over 50,000 more than a year ago. At the same time all the suburban towns have grown faster than ever before. The Directory for this year gives names enough to imply a population of 400,000, showing that a large proportion of business men live out of town.

In the way of places of amusement we have two new theatres completed and occupied. McVickers's is a much finer building on the old site, and has seats for 1800 people. Aiken's is at the corner of Wabash Avenue and Congress St. (one block south of Van Buren St.), and is a very elegant house with a well arranged stage, and seats numbering 1600. I think Farwell Hall will be rebuilt next year, the need of such a building being very pressing. The new Chamber of Commerce was opened this week. It is of the same dimensions as the old one, but finer, and cost nearly \$400,000.

Our musical life is killed out by many "cumbering cares" (as Mr. Watts called them). The Oratorio Society have resumed rehearsals, and intend to produce Costa's "Naaman." We shall have no orchestral doings of our own this year.

Mr. Robert Goldbeck is engaged in a work which I ought to have spoken of before. It is nothing less than the creation of a Conservatory of Music on a broad and liberal basis. In order to get capital he has offered and is disposing of 500 shares or scholarships, of \$100 each, good for ten terms of class lessons or five of private instruction. He is meeting with remarkable success in this undertaking. He has bought of Lyon and Healy *The Musical Independent* (suspended since the fire) and is just bringing out the first number. I may mention that his advertising patronage is large enough to nearly pay the expense of publication. I think you will be pleased with the paper, though not perhaps with all its views, for it has a well-marked and forcible individuality. He will edit it himself.

Last week there was a benefit concert in honor of Mr. Louis Falk, our best concert organist since Mr. Buck's departure. Many prominent amateurs took part and "spread themselves" ambitiously for two hours in the first part of the programme. The second part was interesting, as it contained a very mutilated performance of Mendelssohn's "Athalia." The chorus numbered about sixty admirable voices, and the orchestra about thirty, the whole under Mr. Butterfield's directing. Mr. Falk himself played Schumann's BACH Fugue, and a Potpourri of Meyerbeer's airs. I am watching Mr. Falk's course with very great interest, for he is a young man of remarkable talent, a fine organist and pianist (though rather heavy in the latter relation), and a good teacher. If he has the nerve to stand against the popular current which sets against the true and legitimate in music, his career will be a brilliant and useful one.

And this brings me to the best thing I have to say. Namely, that Theo. Thomas and his orchestra are here, and your Mr. Osgood. The programmes are better than he has given us before. We have, for instance, two entire symphonies, Beethoven's 7th and Schumann's in B flat, and two of Liszt's Symphonic Poems, besides movements from other Symphonies, and a variety of important Overtures. The violins number fifteen, and with Listemann at the head why shouldn't they play well?

The concerts are given in Aiken's Theatre, which has been filled. The playing seems to me even bet-

ter than it was formerly. Certainly it is good enough for us. Then, too, I am especially interested in the work Mr. Osgood is doing in familiarizing our public with those beautiful Schubert, Schumann and Franz songs. No one has ever sung them here before, and of course our audiences hardly know what to make of them. But it is easy to see that the idea gains favor, and I have hopes of Chicago yet. The city press might have done better to assist the cause had some paper happened to have thought it worth while. We need here very much some weekly paper of literary and artistic authority, or else more competent attention to these things in the daily press.

We look for Rubinstein early in December, and expect to be astonished and delighted. Thomas gave us the *Adagio* and *Scherzo* from Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony. It was very much admired by connoisseurs. It seemed to me more truly beautiful than any of the other music of the future I have heard. Possibly more hearing might change this opinion. The Schumann Symphony is certainly the real thing—something new and lovely.

But I trespass on your space.

DER FRETSCHUETZ.

Italian Opera in New York. Pauline Luc- ca, as Marguerite, in Faust.

NEW YORK, OCT. 23.—Up to the present time, the management at the Italian Opera has done little to redeem the fair promises made at the opening of the season. Since my last letter only two additions (*Don Giovanni* and "*Trovatore*") have been made to the repertoire, and, but for the genius of Pauline Lucca, the popularity of Miss Kellogg, and the excellent singing and setting of M. Jamet, both of these representations would have fallen below mediocrity. Advantage has been taken of these three names to bring before the public a company of singers which could obtain a hearing in no other way, not even I believe at the Stadt Theatre in the Bowery.

The scenery and costumes give evidence of that "economy" which is penny-wise and pound foolish; and the same spirit has, in many cases, been evinced in dealing with the press. As a natural result some of the papers have taken to telling the truth, and the management, having thus caught an extremely unpleasant Tartar, fills the columns of its programme with long-winded vindications of itself and its policy, quite forgetting the French proverb: "*Qui s'accuse s'accuse.*"

In spite of these unfavorable surroundings, Mme. Pauline Lucca is constantly increasing in public favor, and it is evident that the task of preserving the enterprise from utter failure rests mainly upon her. Of the four impersonations in which she has appeared, the most dramatic and, as a whole, the most satisfactory is that of Marguerite in *Faust*. I state this in face of the fact that her conception of the character is in many respects directly the opposite of Miss Nilsson's; the one being intensely realistic, while the other is purely ideal. There is a feeling of disappointment when, in the first act, we look for the exquisite vision of Ary Scheffer and behold only Gretchen at the wheel. This feeling returns in the second act at the meeting between Faust and Marguerite. Remembering the gentleness, the calmness with which Nilsson rendered that lovely fragment of melody: "No, Signor, io non son damigella né bella," we are unprepared for Lucca's touch of coquetry, although her somewhat scornful attitude is quite in keeping with the words she is singing. It is plainly Goethe's Gretchen and not the ideal Marguerite which she aims to reproduce, and in the third act all prejudice is forgotten, and the real merit and genius of the singer are unquestioned. She sings "The King of Thule" absently, as though she were far more intent upon her own thoughts than upon the meaning of her song; and in the jewel scene she attempts to delineate nothing more complex than the delight of a simple peasant girl at such a *trouvaille*. It is in the Duet with Faust, and the subsequent love scene that her true greatness is best revealed. The charm lies quite as much in her acting as in her singing, and both are admirable.

The death of Valentine in the fourth act presents a curious anomaly, his agony and rage are so very *stagey*, so plainly assumed; while the anguish, the sorrow past bearing of his sister, is so painfully real. In the church scene Mme. Lucca departs widely from her predecessors. Instead of a lonely chapel, the nave of a great cathedral is disclosed, filled with worshippers who kneel before the high altar. The organ peals solemnly; slowly and with faltering footsteps Marguerite enters the church and advances towards the throng of worshippers; she sees their scornful glances; sees them draw back at her approach, shrinking from the touch of her garments as from contamination, and, meekly accepting the ban, takes her place in the nave alone, far from the altar, and tries to pray. Then, in a niche near by, behind the figure of a saint, the

spirit of evil appears dimly outlined, and as he utters his terrible curse, the poor girl cowers before him as though she would shrink into the earth. Still she tries to pray, turning the leaves of her prayer-book with nervous haste and trembling fingers, until at last the book drops from her nerveless hand, she starts to her feet, confronts the demon and falls senseless to the floor.

In the short but trying Prison scene her acting and singing are fully up to the requirements of the situation, and her impersonation of Marguerite must be regarded as among the best that our Academy has ever known.

M. Jamet is thoroughly identified with the rôle of Mephistopheles, and I need hardly say that he is greatly to be admired both as a singer and an actor, but the other rôles were too badly filled to deserve mention.

Three more Rubinstein concerts took place here last week. In the first (Thursday evening) Rubinstein played: the *Chromatic Fantasia* by Bach, *Etudes* by Chopin, and the "Kreutzer" Sonata with Wieniawski. The latter played Bach's *Chaconne* (for Violin alone) and his own *Faust Fantasia*. Mlle. Liebhart sang "Angels ever bright and fair," and two little songs by Piusotti and Klücken. Mlle. Ormeny was down for an Aria by Stradella and "Il Segreto" from *Lucrezia Borgia*.

On Friday evening Rubinstein played: Air and Variations by Handel, followed by the "Cat Fugue" and Sonata of Scarlatti; Mendelssohn's *Variations Serieses*; some *Etudes* of his own; and, with the violinist, the Rondo in F minor by Schubert. The Violin Solos were: *Elegie*, by Ernst; *Polonaise*, by Wieniawski; Aria, by Bach and Rondo by Vieuxtemps. Mlle. Ormeny sang Romeo's Aria, by Bellini; and Mlle. Liebhart a new song, "Meeting," composed for her by H. Millard.

At the Saturday Matinée, the great pianist gave *Studies* for the Pedal Piano by Schumann, besides opening the concert with Preludes by himself, and closing it with "Kamenostrof." No. 7, and an Impromptu, both of them his own. Wieniawski played a transcribed Romance of Rubinstein's, besides a Rondo, an "Air Turc," "Airs Russes," and Mazourkas, No. 2, all of his own composition. The Soprano lady sang "Vedrai Carino" and an old English ballad; and the Contralto an Aria from *Cenerentola* and a Hungarian song: "Es a Villag."

At the first concert Mlle. Ormeny was unable to appear, and Rubinstein was her welcome substitute, playing in addition to the pieces set down in the programme, a Song without Words by Mendelssohn, a Romance by Schumann, a Nocturne by John Field and Schubert's Erl King, (Liszt).

This week the great pianist is to play in Philadelphia.

A. A. C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 2, 1872.

Rubinstein and Wieniawski.

The last three of the five concerts of that most exciting musical week (Oct. 14th to 19th) differed from the first two in being without Orchestra. No more full Concertos, therefore, either for pianoforte or for violin. In fact concerts of (mostly classical) chamber music given in the great Hall of Symphony and Oratorio! And herein we note one of the wonders of Rubinstein's phenomenal and sovereign power as a pianist: He could make the finest and the deepest music ever written for the instrument—works by Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin—clearly heard, felt, appreciated throughout that great hall! Never in the selectest circle of a chamber concert have we perceived a more complete, absorbed attention than was given by that whole audience, not only to the grandiose and fiery A flat Polonaise of Chopin, but quite as much to the "Moonlight Sonata," and (most remarkable of all, unparalleled in our experience of audiences) to one of the most profoundly spiritual and subtly intellectual among Beethoven's Sonatas, the last of all, op. 111. Even that most difficult, strange work, so seldom ventured upon in public or in private, and for which you would hardly expect at any time more than a dozen listeners who could follow it throughout, was so presented by this masterly interpreter,—or rather through this perfect "medium," as to hold the whole assembly spell-bound to the end apparently. In that Sonata and, previously, in the *Etudes Symphoniques* of Schumann we think we felt his extraordinary power of identifying himself with

the rarest inspirations of the great composers, and giving them clear, audible, complete expression, the most sensibly. It was at least proved that mere Pianoforte music can be made appreciable, can be brought fairly home to one in the Boston Music Hall, although of course a smaller room is better.

—But now to take things in their order. The Matinée of Wednesday afternoon brought great increase of audience, and was an occasion so electrifying that one shrinks in anticipation from the exhaustion very sure to follow upon two or three repetitions of such a draft on one's emotional and nervous energies, as only listening and enjoying so intensely for a few hours must involve. Such listening cannot be passive. What must the expenditure of nervous force be, then, in the performer!—Rubinstein opened the concert with his own transcription of the Overture to *Egmont*, very broad and full, even orchestral in its effect, and keeping up the tempo and the noble rhythm with such a buoyant and untrammelled continuity and freedom, that it seemed wholly self-sustaining, lifted up into the air, never needing once to touch the earth, like earth-born giants, to renew its strength. Then followed, under the vague announcement of "Sonata," the dreamy and poetic "Moonlight," the love poem of Beethoven, so impassioned, uncontainable in its Finale. It was in sooth a wonderfully perfect and poetic rendering, and though we did not sit in intimate seclusion in the twilight hour, even out there in the crowd and the great light hall, the real spell came over most of us. It was a satisfaction to hear the tempi of the several movements so rightly taken; most players make the Scherzo so fast, that it loses all relation to the Adagio that precedes it.

After Mlle. ORMENY had sung Handel's "*Lascia ch'io pianga*,"—not as we have heard it!—and Herr WIENIAWSKI had displayed his admirable art as a violinist in the *Air Varié* of Vieuxtemps,—and Mlle. LIEBHART had sung a couple of *Lieder* (Mendelssohn's "*Von all schönen Kindern*" and Schumann's "*Du meine Seele*"), Herr Rubinstein came again to the piano (the finest "Steinway," by the way, that we have yet heard) and played as usual a group of three pieces all by Chopin: first the remarkable *Nocturne* in C minor (op. 48); then the lovely *Berçaise*, which never sang itself so limpidly and sweetly upon any instrument before, and finally an unfamiliar *Etude*, in which there is such a startling rush and energy of bold bravura (at least as he smote it out as from a rock), that for the time we fancied it to be a thing of Liszt's or of his own.

Part Second opened with a couple of rather commonplace songs by the Soprano ("I love, my love," by Piusotti, and "*Guten Morgen*" by Jubilee Abt). Then Rubinstein gave, what is so very seldom heard here in the concert room, one of Weber's Sonatas, a piece severely taxing execution, full of the Weber fire and individuality, at times wearying you, perhaps, by its no end of brilliancy (like one of our torch-light processions), but ending with a charming Rondo. Of course all there was in it was brought out in the very best light, and it gave a good full glance into the wealth of Weber's too much neglected larger pianoforte compositions, for which the curious music lover should be thankful. Mlle. Ormeny sang a fine old air by Pergolese: "*Tre giorni son che Nina*," in a style hardly worthy of its beauty. One of the purest and sweetest moments in these concerts was Wieniawski's playing, as an unaccompanied violin solo, of the lovely, soulful Aria from Bach's *Orchestral Suite* in D. It went deeply to the heart of every hearer. A brilliant "Capriccio Waltz" of his own followed it. Rubinstein, for a concluding group, gave three short pieces of his own—a *Romance*, a *Barcarole* and *Valse Caprice*, all interesting.

Of Friday evening's concert the two great features were the exquisitely perfect rendering by the two men of the "Kreutzer Sonata," which seemed to unfold a

new wealth of meaning and of beauty, and Rubinstein's playing of the whole series of Schumann's *Kreiseriana*, which, enigmatical as much of the music is to many, yet must have had a strange charm for all. One wants to hear all these things when such an artist comes along for once with all the power to show us what they are, and we cannot be too grateful to this Russian man of genius, possessing all the means and all the will, for bringing forth so freely for us out of stores sealed to most of us. Already, of Schumann alone, the *Etudes Symphoniques*, the *Carnival*, the *Kreiseriana*! For the first group of smaller pieces Rubinstein played really what we, trusting to the printed programmes rather than to our own memory, have just been ascribing to the Wednesday matinée; whereas we are quite sure (we write a week after) that he played then what was set down for Friday, namely: several Songs without Words by Mendelssohn and the Chopin *Ballade* in G minor, fully illustrating the individuality of each. For the concluding group he played a *Barcarole*, a *Melodie*, and an *Etude* of his own,—the last being the piece which we have heard under the absurd title of "*Valse Infernale*" "on false notes," though there is nothing false in an accent falling on an *appoggiatura* or *fore-note*, instead of that into which it at once leads.

Wieniawski's solo rôle that evening was mainly on the virtuoso ("Paganini") side; his selections being Ernst's *Fantasia on Il Pirata* and the "Carnival of Venice," which he makes as marvellous and as full of exquisite surprises as anybody, without forsaking art for vulgar clap-trap; yet we would rather hear him do anything else which he is wont to do. He did, however, (we think it was that evening), respond to a recall by playing his own tender and poetic "Legende" once more; only one missed the fine orchestration.—Mlle. Ormeny, in much better tune this time, sang "*Una voce*" with a good deal of florid execution, and we forget what else. Mlle. Liebhart too sang "Angels ever bright and fair" with good voice and expression.

The enthusiasm reached a second climax in the final Matinée on Saturday (19th), when the following programme was performed:

Sonata	Anton Rubinstein.
Anton Rubinstein and Henri Wieniawski.	
Hungarian Song, "Es a Villag."	Mlle. Louise Ormeny.
Chaconne, for the Violin.	Bach.
Henri Wieniawski.	
"Vedrai Carino"	Mozart.
Mlle. Louise Liebhart.	
a. Nocturne	
b. Mazurka,	Chopin.
c. Polonaise, in A flat,	
Anton Rubinstein.	
{ "Robin Adair,"	
{ "Ruck, Ruck,"	Mlle. Louise Liebhart
Sonata, Opus 111.	Beethoven.
Anton Rubinstein.	
"La Falletta"	Marchesi.
Mlle. Louise Ormeny.	
{ a. Romance in F.	Beethoven.
{ b. Airs Russes.	Wieniawski.
Henri Wieniawski.	
Suite { Sarabande—Passe-Pied,	
{ Courante—Gavotte,	Rubinstein.
Anton Rubinstein.	

The two memorable features of this concert were the great *Chaconne* of Bach, played, as originally written, without accompaniment, (for indeed it contains all in itself), and with by far more power and breadth, more fullness and more fineness of interpretation, than we ever heard it before by any one except Joachim (that was a dozen years ago, so that we will not venture on comparison; and it was not in the big Music Hall, but in a hotel chamber before an audience of one!); and that last of the wonderful series of Beethoven's Sonatas, in C minor, so deep and almost mystical in meaning, with its fitful and impassioned introduction and Allegro, and all the rest consisting in the marvellously subtle, seemingly exhaustless variation of that singing Adagio (*Arietta molto semplice Cantabile*, in dotted eighths, nine-sixteens measure). For the first time we felt that we had truly heard it. As we have said before, the whole

great audience heard it, listened oblivious of all else, whether they understood it all or not. In this sense the achievement was almost unprecedented in a concert room. More than that, we know not when a piece of music has moved us so deeply. There was something holy in the tones which he brought out; sometimes they seemed to answer from another world, like a transfiguration of the theme or phrase once struck. Let us not despair now of any real inspiration from however deep a source, however complex and thick-set with difficulties in its development,—of any utmost reach of any Bach's or Beethoven's imagination and profoundest science, being communicable to any real music-lover. It strikes us, men like Rubinstein are sent into the world to show us that all this is possible, and prove to us, through our own feeling,—cords set thrilling in a deeper deep within us than we had before suspected,—that the last Sonatas of Beethoven are not the helpless wanderings of a brain diseased, but are divinely beautiful and full of meaning worth the searching for.

The specimens presented of Rubinstein's own compositions were very interesting. We unfortunately lost most of the opening movement of the Sonata Duo, but we heard enough to convince us that it is worth hearing more than once, and is by no means the production of an ordinary man. The four movements of the *Suite*,—particularly the *Sarabande*, were fresh and genial, with a sufficient flavor of the antique quaintness, and furnished very agreeable proof of the great versatility of the composer.

The little Violin *Romanza*, in Beethoven's earlier style, is always pleasing, and of course doubly so when played by Wieniawski; but we would rather not have heard it *then*, nor anything else, unless it were some wholesome, tranquillizing bit of Bach, right after such a Beethoven Sonata! Both the singers gained upon their audience that day.

The visit of these two great artists is an event in the musical history of Boston. Nothing that may occur this season, or perhaps in several seasons, will eclipse it. Our public has been electrified, and deeply moved. The power of genius, personally manifested, has been realized as not before. We have had more insight into the possibilities of music and acquired a new respect for its accomplishments. And the return of RUBINSTEIN and WIENIAWSKI,—we understand that we may look for them at Christmas time—will be hailed with genuine enthusiasm; for the more such artists are heard, and in such music as such artists choose, the stronger is the desire to hear them.

MR. A. P. PECK'S CONCERTS claim our hearty recognition, if only for the reason that they have successfully set the example in miscellaneous concerts, which it was much easier to establish in the Harvard Symphony Concerts, of *no encores*. The special notice at the head of the programmes was resolutely carried out, and on the whole cheerfully acquiesced in by an audience largely made up of the partial friends of each of the several artists. Every newspaper of any character endorsed the policy the next day. So let us hope that henceforth "no encores" will be the rule, accepted by an instinct of propriety, and that repetitions shall be so rare as to be exceptional. We do not wish the prohibition in the long run to be absolute; but perhaps it had better remain so while the spoiled child is still too weak in self-control to be indulged in those exceptional liberties which sometimes may be quite legitimate and safe. If only abstinence will lead to temperance, we go for abstinence for the time being.

But this was not the only merit of these concerts. The spirit which dictated that "special notice," naturally shows itself again in the uncommonly (for miscellaneous popular concerts) well selected programmes. Mr. Peck has found out what pleases people of some real musical taste, that these in the long run, more and more, do give the tone to concert audiences, and that the day for catering to *no taste*; at the risk of boring or disgusting all who have at least some taste, has gone by; and he has earned the reputation of arranging about the best miscellaneous popular concerts that we have. The elements, however, were against him this time. The Presidential Election, and the oppressive vague presentiment of too much in the way of Music and all sorts of entertainments, have made the sale of tickets dull for every sort of concert so far, even affecting those of Rubinstein. Added to this, bad

weather and our sudden deprivation of horse power, came in, not only to reduce the audience, but to render it impossible for Mr. Peck to give more than two of the four concerts advertised. The last two he has prudently postponed a month. Already in the second one, the Matinée of Saturday, Miss MEXLIO, who had played the evening before, still in the city, could find no conveyance to the Music Hall. Why will not Mr. Gilmore convert the Coliseum into a hospital for horses, gather them there by thousands, and see if music cannot cure them? That were a Jubilee worth while, if it succeeded!

The first programme (Friday evening) was as follows:

First Movement of Quintet in E flat.....Beethoven.
Beethoven Quintette Club.
Aria, "Di quella pira,".....Verdi.
Mr. Packard.
Cavatina, "Regnava nel Silenzio,".....Lucia.....Donizetti.
Mrs. Moulton.
Piano Solo. Rhapsodie Hongroise.....Liszt.
Miss Mehlig.
Aria, "Per questa bella mano".....Mozart.
Mr. Whitney. (cello obligato by Wulf Fries).
Aria, "Non conosci,".....Mignon.....Thomas.
Miss Phillips.
Quintet, Op. 160 (Flute, violins, &c.).....Schubert.
Duet, Crown Diamonds.....Auber.
Song, "Evening".....Clay.
Song, "Ma mere était Bohémienne".....Masse.
Song, "The Mariner".....Diehl.
Arietta, { a. O Fatima.....Weber.
 b. Son leggiero.....Donizetti.
 c. Nocturne.....Chopin.
Piano Solo. { a. Impromptu.....
 b. Soirées de Vienne.....Schubert—Liszt.
 c. Waldscenen.....Schumann.

The new Quintette Club (Mr. C. N. ALLEN, first Violin; Mr. WEIN, second, do.; Mr. J. M. MULLAY, first Viola; Mr. CHAS. KOPFIZ, second Viola and Flute; and Mr. WULF FRIES, cello), made a very good impression, considering that the place was altogether too vast for anything of that kind. The movement from Beethoven went very smoothly; and Mr. Kopfitz's flute playing was masterly in the arrangement which he had made from Schubert's flute and piano variations on his song "Trockne Blumen." Mrs. MOULTON looked and sung more beautifully than ever. Her cantabile was delicious, and the liquid fluency of her execution in the three florid pieces, as well as all the phrasing and expression, won a cordial response from all the audience. Miss PHILLIPS was in excellent condition and won an easy victory in every effort; her "Mignon" aria was full of feeling. Mr. WHITNEY's grand basso did not fall him, and the Mozart Aria, with the cello obligato played by Mr. FRIES, gave true artistic pleasure. Mr. PACKARD has returned from Europe with his fine tenor voice considerably equalized and strengthened, and sang his two pieces in a chaste, sweet, honest style, once showing that he can command a very musical and full high C in the chest voice. Miss MEXLIO was welcomed with the warmth that always greets her, and her performance was as brilliant and as fine as ever. The Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt was not the one we had so often heard, but almost quite as interesting, and it was admirably rendered.

We could not be present at the next day's matinee, and have only room to say that the programme, but for the involuntary absence of Miss Mehlig, who was to have played the "Moonlight" Sonata, was as good as the first one.

POPULAR ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—The first series of concerts (by whom given it does not appear), essentially similar to those formerly given for so many years by the musicians themselves, under the name "Orchestral Union," took place at the Music Hall on Wednesday afternoon. The plan is: 1. A small orchestra, composed of about three-fifths of the Harvard orchestra, being the same musicians with the same conductor (Carl Zerrahn), and in great part prepared by the same rehearsals; 2. popular prices; 3. programmes in which lighter music is mingled with classical. There was a very fair attendance, and the execution of the following really choice programme, on the whole quite successful, though there was some roughness and some thinness, and the instruments were too loud in accompanying the singer, was evidently much enjoyed.

Overture, "Meeresstille".....Mendelssohn.
Song, "The Tear".....Stigoll.
Mrs. C. Barry.
Concerto in D minor.....Mendelssohn.
Mr. J. C. D. Parker.
Symphony in D.....Mozart.
Cavatina, "Il soave e bel contento".....Pacini.
Polacca in C, for Piano and Cello.....Chopin.
Messrs. Parker and Wulf Fries.
a. Waltz, "1001 Nights".....Strauss.
b. Polka, "Sylphiden".....Rietzel.

Next in Order.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—The first SYMPHONY CONCERT of the subscription series of ten will take place next Thursday afternoon, at three o'clock, preceded by a public rehearsal on Wednesday at the same hour. The Symphony will be the No. 1 of Beethoven, in C,—the only one of the nine which has never yet been heard in these concerts, and the revival will be interesting. There will be three of the finest overtures: namely, the noble

Athalie of Mendelssohn, the short and brilliant *Alfonso and Estrella* by Schubert, (both of these for the second time only), and the ever welcome *Genoève* of Schumann for a Finale. The two grand Concert Arias to be sung with orchestra are worthy of the best powers of Madame RUDERSDORFF, who is perfectly at home in such great music. The first, Haydn's famous Cantata "Ariadne at Naxos," never yet sung in this country, will surprise most hearers by an intensity of dramatic passion which they would hardly expect from Haydn. The other, by Mozart, "Ch'io mi scordi," is the one that was first introduced here last year, having with the orchestra a pianoforte obligato part which Mozart wrote for himself to play.

MESSESS. HUGO LEONHARD and JULIUS EICHBERG will give another series of their delightful classical matinees at Mechanics' Hall, beginning on Thursday, Nov. 14, and alternating fortnightly with the Symphony Concerts. Lovers of Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, &c., need but a hint to feel the magnet.

MR. CARLYLE PETERSILEA has resumed his Piano Recitals before the pupils of his Music School and friends at Wesleyan Hall. His first programme, Wednesday, Oct. 30, was as follows:

Capriccio Brillante, Op. 22.....Mendelssohn.
Andante Favori.....Beethoven.
Polonaise, Op. 68, No. 1.....Chopin.
Etude, Op. 25, No. 2.....Rubinstein.
Cradle Song.....Gottschalk.
Capriccio Hongroise.....Ketterer.

THE NEW-ENGLAND CONSERVATORY continues its Recitals with its usual frequency, at Wesleyan Hall. This is the programme of the two hundred and forty-seventh, Oct. 26, at 1 P. M.

Quartet for Piano, Violin, &c.....Mozart.
Messrs. Butler, Ford, Eichler and Fries.
Song, "Non e ver".....Mattel.
Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen.
Clarinet Solo, "Elegie".....August Kiel.
Mr. Gustav Rudolphsen.
Trio in G, for Piano, Violin and Cello.....Haydn.
Messrs. Butler, Ford and Wulf Fries.
Song, "Medje".....Gounod.
Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen.

MR. EUGENE THAYER'S Free Organ Recitals are continued every Friday, at 3 P. M., at the First Church (Berkeley and Marlboro' Sts.). They present a great deal of the best of organ music, on one of the best of organs, in a masterly way. Here is the first programme of the season (Oct. 4), a fair sample of all the rest.

Tocata, in D minor.....Bach.
Vorspiel: "Wir glauben all".....
For two manuals and double pedals.
Fugue, in G minor, Book 2.....Bach.
Mr. Frank Donahoe.
Fifth Organ Concerto.....Handel.
Vorspiele: { a. Herzlich thut mich.....Bach.
 b. Es ist das Heil.....
 Mr. Donahoe.
Variations in A Major, Op. 47.....Hesse.

Professor F. L. Ritter.

Professor and Mme. Ritter have returned to the city after a summer tour at the seaside and among the mountains. We learn that Prof. Ritter brings with him, as the fruit of summer leisure, the completed score of a Third Symphony, composed in illustration of one of Victor Hugo's finest poems; and also a fantasia for bass clarinet and orchestra, written for Mr. Boehm, the well-known clarinet player, and Vice-President of the New York Philharmonic Society. The second volume of Mr. Ritter's "History of Music" will be issued during the coming winter, and it is the author's intention to deliver these lectures orally, in New York and elsewhere, prior to publication. Our readers will remember with what success Prof. Ritter gave the lectures that form his first volume three winters ago, at Association Hall, Weber's Rooms, Vassar College, and other collegiate institutions, in and out of the city. This second volume will be especially interesting. It includes, among other subjects, lectures on the serious opera, the comic opera, and instrumental music to the present day, with a critical resumé of the whole field of musical literature, and a catalogue of the best works that have been written on the subject in the principal European languages.

The New York *Musik Zeitung* thus reviews Prof. Ritter's recent article on "Music," in the German American Encyclopedia. We translate:

"Scheru's German-American Encyclopedia."—The sixty-eighth part, just issued, of this work, contains, among other excellent articles, one eight-page article on "Music," as we perceive from the editorial remarks, by Prof. F. L. Ritter (who, our readers may not be aware, wields the pen with equal facility in the

French, German and English languages). This article contains everything on this rich subject that it is possible to say within so small a space, and it is quite of especial value, giving, as it does, toward the close, an account of all that has been produced and reproduced in music in America. With comparatively few strokes, in a strictly condensed style, so clear and complete a picture of American musical life is given that more is scarcely to be desired. And it is of the more value since, as far as we know, no such article has hitherto appeared in any German-American musical work. Beginning with the old-fashioned psalmody, imported by the English Puritans, Mr. Ritter gradually leads us onward to the present day, in which Europe sends to us her greatest artists, while instrumental music is worthily cultivated within the country itself; in short, he gives a just insight into all that interests us as regards the development of music here. We have no doubt that the latter part of this admirable article will be republished as an addition to all articles on music in scientific European publications."—*N. Y. Weekly Review*.

Musical Convention and Festival at Worcester, Mass.

(From the Palladium, Oct. 16.)

The Musical Convention commenced on Monday morning, under very flattering auspices; rehearsals were immediately commenced, and continued during the day and evening, with the exception of the "social hour," which was postponed from the afternoon. Tuesday was similarly occupied, and work has gone on to-day also. This evening the first concert takes place, the programme consisting of miscellaneous selections by the chorus, with solos, duets, &c., from favorite performers. Miss Ingraham, formerly soprano singer at the Church of the Unity, is to be the leading attraction; her singing always gives delight to Worcester audiences, and it will be a pleasure to again listen to her after her long absence. Master Van Rantle, the promising boy violinist from the Boston Conservatory, and Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, are excellent attractions, and other performers are also announced. Thursday evening, the quartet of soloists will appear for the first time; Mrs. Moulton will sing Meyerbeer's "Shadow Dance," and a popular ballad; Miss Phillips "Una Voce Poco Fa," and the "Laughing Song" by Bendelari; Mr. Simpson selects Stigelli's "Isolina," and "Sunshine and Shade" by Randegger; Dr. Guilmette selects "Aria" "Le Châlet" by Adolph Adam, and two exquisite Scotch selections, with accompaniments by Beethoven, for violin, "cello and piano.

FIFTH DAY.

(From the Spy, Oct. 19.)

All are unanimous in the verdict that yesterday closed the most successful and complete musical demonstration that ever took place in Worcester, and, in fact, we think good judges will award it a position among the very first which ever took place in the state. Differing from the festivals of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, in presenting grand miscellaneous vocal and instrumental concerts, including entire symphonies, and similar in producing entire oratorios, with a large and well drilled chorus, with solos and concerted music by the best artists in the country, and conductors having no superiors. Increasing interest from day to day, and decided progress in the choral preparations, finally culminated in the presentation of two magnificent entertainments, sufficient without any others for the week's work. The morning session was given to Mr. Zerrahn in a rehearsal of "Elijah," with the orchestra and solo artists. We are pleased to know that Messrs. Zerrahn and Emerson are gratified with the abundant success attending their labors, and that the chorus are unanimous in acknowledging the great benefit derived from their valuable instructions. It now only remains for us to report as faithfully as possible the two closing concerts.

THIRD GRAND CONCERT.

The Symphony concert is always anticipated with delight by every lover of good music; in fact, to many, it is the principal attraction of the week. The Boston Orchestral Union appeared with full numbers, including some of the first instrumental performers in Boston. Among the number we noticed Wulf Fries, Suck, and others no less distinguished. Notwithstanding a drenching rain, another crowded house of eager expectants were present, and promptly at three o'clock Mr. Zerrahn appeared, and in obedience to his magic wand the entertainment commenced with the overture to "Alfonso and Estrella," by Schubert. It was soon evident that the orchestra were never in better condition, and a sympathetic chord between orchestra and audience was at once apparent. The faithful and effective rendering of this charming overture, so full of beautiful melodies and intricate harmonies, was a happy prelude to the good things which followed. Rode's famous air with variations was next given by Mrs. Moulton, in which she fully sustained the honors awarded her on Thursday evening. The exquisite beauty of her voice, and delicate and bird-like vocalization; were, if possible, nearer perfection than exhibited on her first appearance. An encore of course followed, and without delay she responded with the fine ballad, "Marjorie's Almanic," in a style characteristic of her wonderful powers.

Two movements from the concerto in E flat for two pianos, with orchestral accompaniments, by Mozart, were executed in a superb manner on the two "grands" by Messrs. Allen and Story. This was to us one of the most enjoyable pieces in the programme. We regretted the omission of the third movement, which was done on account of the length of the programme. "Ave Maria," by Cherubini, received a chaste and truly noble rendering by Dr. Guilmette. It was sung with a tender and impressive style, seldom attainable except by a good contralto. The orchestral accompaniment added greatly to its beauty. We are glad our Worcester audiences are beginning to appreciate this kind of music. Dr. G. appeared in response to an encore and sang with great depth of feeling a Scotch ballad entitled "Sunset," with beautiful obligato accompaniments for piano, violin and violoncello, by Beethoven. It was a charming little *morceau*, and almost too choice and rare for the concert room. The symphony in D, by Mozart, was the great production of the afternoon, and elicited strong marks of admiration at the close of every movement. We have not heard for a long time such fine instrumental effects from an orchestra of this size. Their playing seemed to us very much improved since last year.

Miss Phillips rendered with almost regal splendor the rondo, "O, mio Fernando," by Donizetti, in the opera of "Favorita." Such gushings of melody and harmonious combinations of orchestra and voice were truly a treat seldom enjoyed.

In response to the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience, she returned and repeated the last movement. Mr. Simpson was the last although not the least of the great artists to appear. His selection was the Romanza, *Spirito gentile*, by Donizetti, with organ accompaniment. It exhibited in a striking manner the rare beauty of his voice and his pure and chaste method. The concert closed with a concert waltz, "Thousand and one nights," by Strauss, which was charmingly produced, eliciting rounds of applause.

THE MENDELSSOHN ORATORIO.

The great musical demonstrations of the week culminated in the representation of Mendelssohn's sublime oratorio of *Elijah* last evening. In defiance of the storm, which had steadily increased during the afternoon another large audience assembled, and the great chorus appeared with full ranks, much to their credit, and performed the choral parts of the oratorio in an admirable manner. Very decided improvement from last year's representation was evident, showing most conclusively the propriety and importance of giving the same oratorio two years in succession. Although some of the choruses lacked power, and there was hesitation in taking up the parts which were in the fugue style, still the great efficiency of others more than atoned for these little deficiencies. We were particularly pleased with the rendering of "Yet doth the Lord," "Baal, we cry to Thee," "Thanks be to God," and "He watching over Israel." The double quartet, "For he shall give his angels," was a fine illustration of concerted music. The blending of the voices of the great artists, and the ladies and gentlemen who took the subordinate parts, was very fine. The choral, "Cast thy burden on the Lord," was impressively performed. The angel trio, "Lift thine eyes," sung by Mrs. Moulton, Miss Phillips, and Mrs. Munroe, was performed in a style worthy the beauty of the music. Their voices were well adapted to a proper rendering of this exquisite little tone poem of the great composer.

It now only remains for us to notice the solo parts of this favorite oratorio. Knowing that Mrs. Moulton had had but little experience in singing oratorio music, and that this was really her first attempt in sustaining a complete role, we were interested to note whether she would be as successful as in the concert programme. She at once manifested her ability to interpret this style of music. Her success was decided and gratifying. Her recitatives and airs were rendered in a style appropriate to the character of the music, and gave entire satisfaction. The great soprano aria, "Hear ye, Israel," was one of her happiest efforts, and equal to any of her performances during the week. We hope to hear her again in oratorio.

Of the great merits of Miss Phillips in oratorio, it is almost superfluous to speak. She has long been known at home and abroad as an exponent of oratorio music, having no superior. Every little recitation and air was given with a perfection leaving nothing to be desired. The aria, "O, rest in the Lord," was sung with a beauty of style which all must long remember. She conferred a great favor in repeating it in response to the desire of her listeners. Mr. Geo. Simpson, ever true and artistic in all he undertakes, has, we believe, no superior in this country in his department of oratorio. Where everything was well done it is not necessary to mention particular pieces, and we will only refer to the solo, "If with all your hearts," as one with which we were specially delighted. He fully sustained his role throughout and position in the quartet of eminent artists. Of Dr. Guilmette we write with a feeling of sadness, because this was to be his last appearance in public as a vocalist. Devoted as he is to his profession, he thinks it his duty to abjure music in a public manner for the more important duties which he owes to himself and family. * * * Although always good, we will only refer to the great solo of the oratorio "If with all your hearts," as a masterly effort.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- I'm fair Titania. (Io son Titania). 6. Bb to c. Thomas. 50
O, light winged, happy Swallow. (Leggiare rondine). Duet. 6. D to a. Thomas. 60
These belong to a set entitled "Beauties of Mignon," and are filled with light, fairy or bird-like music, requiring, of course, considerable ability to execute it.
The Laugh of a Child. Quartet. 3. E to f. Dr. Maurer. 35
—The laugh of a child,
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild.
Pretty and easy glee or 4 part song for mixed voices.
The Answer. 5. Eb to g. Fossier. 30
"Fair spring was mine,—it would not stay!
Bright youth was mine,—I dreamed it away."
The Myth. 5. D to g. Fossier. 30
"The birds sleep from their singing,
The roses from their bloom."
These above two songs are distinguished by careful elaboration of the air and accompaniment. The poetry is of a high order. Music difficult, but will pay for study.
Ave Maria. Trio. Soprano, Alto, Tenor. 4. Gilbert. 40
Bb to b.
A sweet Catholic hymn, with Latin and English words.
Have mercy, Lord, on me. Quartet. 4 Eb to a. Deems. 60
"Mercy alone can meet my case,
For mercy, Lord, I cry."
Very sweet, gliding music, like Italian *soffeggio* in character, and blending perfectly with the smooth poetry of the hymn.

- When the Milk goes round. Comic. 2. D to d. Conolly. 30
We'll go home with the milk in the morning.

Instrumental.

- 12 Beautiful Compositions of Concone. Selected and Fingered by G. D. Wilson. ea. 30
1 Le Ruissseau. 7 L'Elegante.
2 Scherzetto. 8 Crescendo.
3 Souvenir de L'Exile. 9 Extase.
4 Tarantelle. 10 Espérance.
5 Simple History. 11 Nuit Mystérieuse.
6 La Nacelle. 12 Riant Reveil.
The above 12 compositions are well worthy of careful examination by teachers. They are about on the plane of Heller's and Czerny's Studies of expression, but the melodies are more defined, and while they produce the same effect on the taste of players that good *soffeggio* do on that of singers, they also have many passages admirably qualified to develop a smooth and even style of execution.
12 Characteristic and pleasing Compositions by Concone. Selected and Fingered by Wilson.
1 La Foileuse. 30 7 Anxiété. 30
2 Moissonneures. 40 8 Réverie. 30
3 Conte d'Enfant. } 9 Ronde des Archers. 30
4 Mélancolie. } 50 10 Marche Triumphale 35
5 Papillons. 30 11 L'Hirondelle. 30
6 Doux Souvenirs. 30 12 Nuit Etoilée. 30
All that can be said of the other set may be said of this, as one is a continuation of the other. The pieces are of the 3d or 4th degree of difficulty.

- Gottschalk Waltz. 5. Ab. Teresa Carrino. 75
A composition of the (now) very distinguished pianist, when she was perhaps 12 years of age, and now again brought to notice, as a remarkable composition for a child, and one of which no one should be ashamed, as it is really very fine.

- At Rest. Notturmo. 4. Eb. Chassaignac. 40
A little brighter than average Nocturnes, but one can "rest" while in playing it with much pleasure.
Oakwood Waltzes. 3. Ab. Mc G. C. 30
Will please, played at Oakwood, or anywhere else.

Books.

- GEMS OF STRAUSS. A Collection of Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, &c. By Johann Strauss. Boards, 2.50
Cloth, 3.00
The publishers almost fear to continue advertising this attractive book, the demand so far exceeds their expectations. But all are welcome to purchase it. It has 250 large pages, filled "to the brim" with the best works of the great Master of Dance Music.
40 VOCAL EXERCISES. By Vincenzo Cirillo. 3.00
This book of Vocalization, just issued, is to be used in the New National College of Music, established by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Likely to be widely introduced.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

